

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

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DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
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The Pocahontas Times.

STARVING MINERS.

MOVEMENTS of more than ordinary interest are going on in the coal regions of ten States. The situation is such that no reflecting patriot can consider it without feelings of serious apprehension. There must be something of more than ordinary import that makes three hundred thousand laboring people restless and impatient. So far as they have given expression for the reasons of their discontent, they declare that if they continue to work at the wages now given, they and their families must go without the comforts of life and some of the necessities besides. It seems they have decided that if starvation is bound to be without striking, they may as well starve while doing what they can to improve their prospects for the future.

The miners complain that low wages are, they are wronged, grievously wronged in the measurement of their work by screens of illegal width, and by being compelled to deal at 'company stores' and dwell in 'company houses,' exacting prices and rents are thus made. Being discharged from employment is the penalty for living or trading elsewhere.

In making these complaints, the miners are amply supported by what investigating committees sent out by various State legislatures have from time to time reported for years past.

And when we turn to the mine operators and consider what they have to say in this perilous discussion, we find it most vehemently asserted that they cannot pay more wages and do business at a profit, and they tell us too that those operators who do not resort to those devices of extortion, 'company stores and houses,' are at twenty per cent. disadvantage in competing with mine operators who have the stores and the houses.

Let all this be as it may, one thing is very certain, that in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Alabama, Iowa and Kentucky the working people in the coal regions are now living so near absolute want and suffering that desperation has become, to use a medical expression, 'chronic and confirmed.' And those people, be they Congressmen, Senators or leading citizens, who expect contentment, home building the proper education and training of children, and good citizenship under the conditions complained of, would be the right kind of persons to send to a thicket of thorn trees to gather baskets of grapes.

The situation seems charged with the elements of an insurrection or revolution, and the whole nation has a more than a common interest in it. Here are suffering citizens by the half-million, moving together in the belief that they are struggling for food and shelter, raiment and education for their wives and children and themselves. People in such a situation do not reason as lawyers would or as prosperous, well fed citizens do.

From what has happened in former strikes, of much less proportions, it is at least dreaded that if this contest lasts any length of time there will be deeds of extended violence and destruction. It looks as if the operators are of the impression, such might be the case, from the way detectives are said to be swarming into the disturbed localities. Let violent measures once open, then the militia will turn out, the Federal troops close in the rear, and then for scenes of blood and fire that will break all records. O, that the Golden Rule could be more in evidence than what it seems to have been, for then all controversies could be settled, or rather there would have been none to be settled, at such a perilous risk as now impends.

S. C. B.

If you are troubled with falling dandruff, eczema of the scalp, or inclined to grayness, use the best preparation to correct and cure—Hall's Hair Renewer.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

The McCollams.

ONE of the oldest families in our county is that of the McCollam relationship. While it is not certain, yet there is good reason to believe that the pioneer ancestor was named Dan. McCollam. From some interesting correspondence had by James McCollam's family with a lady in New Hampshire there is no reason to question that he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and the son of a physician a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and lived in New Jersey. The name of the pioneer's wife cannot be recalled.

Mr. McCollam the ancestor came from New Jersey in 1770, or thereabouts, and settled on Brown's Mountain near Driscoll, which is yet known as the "McCollam Place," now in the possession of Amos Barlow, Esq. His children were Jacob, Daniel, William, Rebecca, Mary, and Sarah.

Jacob McCollam first settled on the "Jake Place," a mile or so west of Huntersville on the road to Marlinton; thence he went to Illinois, and was killed by a falling tree.

Daniel McCollam married Anna Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, the Frost pioneer, and settled first on the Bridger Place near Verdant Valley, thence to the Marony place near Buckeye, and finally settled in Noble County, Missouri. Two of his daughters remained in Pocahontas. Mary (Polly) who became Mrs. John Buckley. Her son is the Rev. Joshua Buckley, a venerable and greatly respected citizen of Buckeye. The other daughter, Jane McCollam, was married to the late Joseph Friel and lived on the Greenbrier about five miles above Marlinton, where some of her family yet reside. Rachel and Nancy went with their father to Missouri. Rachel became Mrs. VanTassel and Nancy became Mrs. Brown. Daniel McCollam set out to visit his former home, and while coming up the Ohio he was exposed to the smallpox. He at once went back and died of the disease in his western home.

Rebecca McCollam, daughter of the pioneer, was married to the late Robert Moore, senior, of Edray. Isaac Moore, Esq., Robert Moore, junior, and Jane Moore, the wife of the late Andrew Duffield, near West Union, were her children.

Sarah McCollam, daughter of the ancestor, was married to John Sharp, and lived on the place occupied by J. Wesley Irvine, near Verdant Valley, who is her grandson. Ellen, who became Mrs. Amos Barlow, Esq., who became Mrs. Josiah Friel; Rebecca, who was Mrs. John R. Duffield; and Nancy, who was Mrs. William Irvine, were her daughters.

Mary McCollam, daughter of the pioneer, was married to Thomas Brock and lived on the "Duffield Place," now held by Newton Duffield. Her children were Daniel Brock, who married a Miss McClung, of Nicholas County; William Brock, Robert Brock, and Margaret, wife of the late William Duffield, near the Warwick spring.

William McCollam, son of the original ancestor, married Sally Drinnan, daughter of Lawrence Drinnan, whose home was on Greenbrier River, on the upper part of Levi Gay's farm, very near the bank of the stream. It is to be remembered as the place where James Baker, one of the first school-teachers, was slain by an Indian warrior about 1786. Soon after his marriage he settled near the summit of Buck's Mountain, about 1798, perhaps three hundred yards of the residence now occupied by his son, James McCollam, Esq. Traces of the old home are yet visible (1897.) His family consisted of five sons and six daughters. John, Lawrence, William, Isaac, James, Sarah, Susan, Nancy, Matilda, Rebecca, and Ruth.

John McCollam went to Lincoln County, Tennessee, where one of his descendants became an eminent Baptist minister.

Lawrence McCollam died in 1861. William McCollam died in youth.

Isaac McCollam married Margaret Thomas, daughter of John Thomas, and settled in Randolph County. Fletcher McCollam, near the head of Stony Creek, is a son of Isaac.

James McCollam first married Anna Jane McCoy and settled on Buck's Mountain near the old homestead. George W. McCollam a well-known citizen, is his son. James McCollam's second wife was Miss Mary Anna Overholt.

Sarah McCollam, daughter of William McCollam, became Mrs. Absalom Morrison and lived on Hill's Creek. The late William Morrison, at Buckeye, was her son. Susan was married to the late James Kellison, on Briar Knob, head of Hill's Creek, south-west Pocahontas. Daniel Kellison, Esq., at Mingo Flats, Randolph County, is her son.

The daughters, Nancy, Matilda, and Rebecca were never married. They lived to be elderly persons, and were much esteemed for their good character, industry, and lady-like deportment, and made themselves very useful in many ways. All of them were so kind and skillful in waiting on their sick neighbors.

Ruth McCollam was married to William Kee, Esq., near Marlinton. Her children were Eliza Kee a popular teacher of schools, and died in 1861. Her mother's heart was so much broken by the loss of her devoted daughter that she never appeared the same. She died last February very suddenly.

George M. Kee, a Confederate soldier, justice of the peace, and commissioner of the court, lives on part of the Kee homestead. His first wife was Jane Palmer, and second wife Rachel Moore.

William L. Kee, Esq., married Miss Kate Phares, in Randolph County. He is an eminent lawyer and had a government position under the Cleveland administration. Matilda Kee was married to Captain J. B. Apperson, and lives near Marlinton.

Thus far it has been placed in our power to illustrate the family history of these worthy people.

William McCollam was one of the original members of the Stony Creek M. E. Church, and while he lived was prominent in meetings and the official proceedings. Upon one occasion while the parents were absent attending meeting or visiting the sick, the house caught fire and was consumed with the most of its contents. At the time of the burning, John, the eldest son, was about eight years old; Lawrence was about two. In the confusion the baby boy seems to have been forgotten, and when John asked where is the baby he was told by one of the little girls that he was in the cradle asleep. John pressed through the smoke and heat at the risk of his life, and brought his little brother out alive, but in doing so both were so badly burned as to have scars upon their persons long as they lived.

This man toiled on, however, rebuilt his humble home, opened more land, and in the meanwhile eleven children had gathered around his table. At the time when his care and presence seemed most needed it seemed good to the God he loved to call him away from a responsibility so important. The sugar season had just opened, the morning was such as to indicate a heavy run, and much wood was needed to keep the kettles boiling fast enough to reduce properly the luscious syrup. On the fourth of March, 1818, he had morning prayer, sang a hymn of praise to Him that watches the sparrow when it falls, and went forth cheerfully to his work. A large red oak tree suited to his purpose was selected, which soon bowed and fell before his stalwart blows, but somehow a limb from another tree in its rebound smote him with such a furious force that he never seemed conscious of what had happened. This occurred about a mile from home, near where James Hannah lives.

Tho all this was sudden, yet there has never been a misgiving about the certainty of his having found rest from his honest toil and efforts to meet his duties, the rest that remains for the people of God. He had learned from his Scotch-Irish ancestry to sing: "The sword, the pestilence, or fire, Shall but fulfill their best desire, From sin and sorrow set them free And bring thy children, Lord, to thee." W. T. P.

From an old history of Virginia we find the personal experience of one who was captured by the Indians.

AN INDIAN CAPTIVE.

About 1775, James Moore moved to Tazewell County, Virginia, and settled in Ab's Valley. His parents were of those driven from Scotland in the persecution of the Covenanters by Charles I., and having settled for a while in the north of Ireland before emigrating to America, were known as the Scotch-Irish. He had moved from Walker's Creek in Rock-bridge County.

On the 14th of June, 1786, his whole family was massacred by the Indians or taken captive. He had prospered greatly, and at the time of the raid he had 100 head of horses and a good stock of cattle. On the fatal morning a gang of horses had come in to the licks about one hundred yards from the house, and James Moore took his salt-bag and went to salt them. His two hands were reaping wheat. The Indians, about 30 in number, had been lying in ambush and rushed in and killed two children who were coming from the spring, and George Simpson, an old man in the house. They took the rest of the family as prisoners. The father hearing the shots tried to get to the house, but finding it surrounded rushed past it and would have escaped but stopped on a fence within rifle-shot as tho he would return. There he was killed, seven balls traversing his body.

Of the prisoners, John, a boy weak in mind and body, was tomahawked; the baby was fretful, so an Indian took it by its feet and dashed its brains out against a tree: when they reached the towns near the Scioto River Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane were slowly burned to death at the stake. Mary Moore was released from captivity and returned to Rock-bridge County, and she afterwards married a minister of the gospel by the name of Rev Samuel Brown. Of her children five became Presbyterian ministers, one of whom, Rev Samuel Brown, died a few years ago near Millboro.

The child Mary Moore owed her release, probably, to her meeting with her brother James, who had been captured by the Indians in 1784, when he was 14 years old. It is of his personal experience written by himself that is so interesting.

On the 7th of September, 1784, nearly two years before the family was broken up by the Indians, James Moore was sent by his father to catch a horse to go to mill twelve miles away. The horse was at a waste plantation about two and a half miles from the house, but he had always been accustomed to going about the woods alone and had never minded it. On this day he claims to have had a strong and overpowering presentiment of impending evil. The thought of Indians was constantly in his mind and he was constantly looking back and trembling. He would have returned home but for fear that his father would be displeased with such an excuse. When near the field his fears were realized by three Indians springing suddenly from behind a log. It seems that being captured he lost his fear of the Indians. The party was composed of three Indians, the leader of whom was Black Wolf, a middle-aged man with a black beard. The others were about eighteen years of age. All were of the Shawnee tribe. They tried to make him catch a horse for them, but as they would come charging up as soon as he had his hand on one, for fear of his mounting and escaping, the horse would break away. After a time they gave up the idea, and about one o'clock they got their kettles and blankets and set out for the Ohio.

The walking was bad and they made only about eight miles that day. When the prisoner attempted to break the bushes or scrape the ground to leave marks he was threatened with the tomahawk, and he finally desisted. In the evening Black Wolf gave a tremendous war-whoop and in the morning about sunrise another. This indicated that they were returning with one prisoner. A different call indicated when they had scalps. This whoop was given every morning and evening during the whole journey. The first night was rainy. The party crawled into a laurel thicket and slept without food or fire. After searching him for a knife, Black Wolf tied a leading halter around his prisoner's neck and wrapped the other end around his hand. Moore says he slept tolerably well that night and that he was perfectly resigned to his fate.

The next day they journeyed down Tug River and crossed Tug Mountain. Here Black Wolf stepped to one side and brought a dutch oven which he gave to the white boy to carry. For three days they traveled without any sustenance whatever except some water in which poplar bark had been steeped. On the fourth day they killed a buffalo, took out the paunch, rinsed it a little, cut it up put it in the kettle with some flesh and made broth. Of this they drank very heartily, but ate no meat. After night another kettle was boiled and eaten, but no meat. This is Indian policy after fasting.

During the whole journey the prisoner was barefooted. He walked over rattlesnakes, but was not permitted to kill any, as the Indians regarded them as their friends. After this they killed deer or buffalo whenever they needed anything to eat.

They crossed the Ohio between the mouths of Guyondot and Big Sandy rivers, on logs lashed together with grape-vines. They reached their towns near where Chillicothe now stands twenty days after they set out. On the banks of the Scioto they remained one day, and left pictures representing three Indians and one prisoner. Two years after the others of the family who were brought this far were shown these pictures and the meaning explained by the Indians. The route taken by these three Indians and their boy prisoner must have lain through McDowell, Wyoming, Logan (or Mingo), and Wayne Counties.

Young Moore remained with the Indians that winter and was sold to a Detroit trader next spring for \$50. His little sister was afterwards taken north and sold for a half a gallon of rum, and was found by her brother. The administrator of their father's estate, Thomas Iving, came north to look for his sister, Martha Iving, the hired girl who was also taken prisoner, and finding her and the two surviving children of the pioneer of Ab's Valley brought them back to Virginia.

The address made by Capt. T. H. Dennis, before the Editorial Association at Weston, on "The Law of Libel," is highly commended by many of the editors, as being able and timely. Henceforth Captain Dennis is to be referred to as an authority on that subject.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, too pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Strange Dinner.

The following account of the strangest dinner ever eaten since the apple was bitten in Eden, nearly six thousand years since, should interest our readers. It gives a clue to what has become a leading industry of the times, canning and refrigerating food products.

Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was that given by an antiquarian named Goebel in the city of Brussels, a short time since.

At the dinner were apples that ripened more than 1800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed thro the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England. The repast was washed down with wine that was old when Columbus was playing with the boys of Genoa.

The apples were taken from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, the wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland where for several centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth.

There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of bread and a teaspoonful of the wine but was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two thirds of a gallon. The fruit was as sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been preserved but a few months.

Our acknowledgements are due Rev. Dr. L. H. Blanton, Chancellor of the Central University, of Richmond Kentucky, for the 23d annual catalog, just issued. Kentucky is a grand State and it seems to have a university in keeping with its reputation. The university embraces three colleges, two institutes, and one university school. The aggregate number of students is eight hundred and fifty-nine. These are instructed by eighty-two Professors, many of whom are of high reputation. All desired information as to particulars will be cheerfully furnished by L. H. Blanton, D. D., Chancellor, Richmond, Kentucky.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the sad sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less but nature more.
From these our solitudes in which we stray
From what we may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What we can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

—CHILDE HAROLD.

ICED tea is refreshing certainly, but it is not considered entirely wholesome for the regular use of any one, notably children. A way to make it to insure a minimum of tannic acid is partly to fill a goblet with cracked ice, make the tea somewhat stronger than usual, then pour, boiling hot, over the ice. A slice of lemon and a little sugar may be added.

Permanently Cured.

"For about two years I have suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I believe that I am permanently cured."—LOAN CRITES, Tanner, Gilmer county, W. Va. This remedy is sold by Ricketts & Co., Marlinton; Amos Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow & Moore, Edray; and E. H. Moore & Co., Academy.